



★ THE MISSING LINK ★

NUMBER 98

NOVEMBER 1990



SHARE OUR VISION.

WE ARE THE CHILDREN,
CHILDREN OF THE STARS.
WE HAVE COME TO HELP
THE EARTH IN TIME OF WARS.
STAND TALL EARTH BORN,
STAR BORN, CHILDREN
UNTIL THE DAY WE CAN
RETURN TO HOME...

We control the future

◆◆◆ UFO CONTACT CENTER INTERNATIONAL (UFOCCI) ◆◆◆

800 EQUINOX 2350 Federal Way, WA 98003

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November 17 - Pot Luck
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Pot Luck, Federal Way,
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to be given to a deserving
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November 18 - Gresham, OR
Mt. Hood Community College
2:00 - 5:00 p.m.

**AILEEN BRINGLE
& PHYLLIS DURAN**
Channel 29 - 8:30 pm
November 15

ITEMS OF INTEREST:
Send your articles, poems,
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be included in the Missing
Link to: UFOCCI
3001 S. 288th
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98003



A habit is something you never knew you had until you tried to quit it.
— Frank Clark

The moon was an important crest figure among certain Northwest Coast families and lineages.

In this neck scarf we see the moon's radiant face gazing out of a field of night blue. Four typical Northwest Coast Indian style hands display themselves around each face. A star stands out between each thumb and forefinger.



Man in the Moon

★ THE MISSING LINK ★

is published monthly by the UFO Contact Center International. For subscriptions, send \$19.00 (U.S. dollars), and \$30 overseas airmail to: 3001 South 288th St., #304, Federal Way, Washington 98003, USA. We welcome articles, cartoons, and letters to the editor. The articles and opinions expressed in the Missing Link are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the views of the UFOCCI. Editor and Director: Aileen Bringle UFOCCI is a non-profit organization within the state of Washington.

.....
: YES! PLEASE SEND ME THE MISSING LINK FOR 1 YEAR!
: ENCLOSED, PLEASE FIND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO:
: UFO CONTACT CENTER INTERNATIONAL
: NAME _____
: ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____
: CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
: YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES THIS MONTH _____
: YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES NEXT MONTH _____

SOUNDING OFF

By Aileen

For all of you who have called and been asked to hold on a minute; that we were on another line - I want to apologize. Today we have cured the problem. I have asked the telephone company to take off "Call Waiting."

You may get a busy signal now if we are on the phone but at least you won't have to pay for a call and be put on hold. I have been upset over this for a long time. It was just unfair to everyone concerned. Some of the "modern conveniences" have proven not to be so convenient after all - especially when it comes to persons that you really care about and are concerned for their welfare. Some never call back under those circumstances.

So that is the way it will be from now on! Sorry for any future busy signals!

* * * * *

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

By Linda Solferino
(From a dream in March 1990)



As I stood in the dark looking up at the sky, I saw two UFOs - what a beautiful sight!

They were pretty and bright and glorious to see.
I wanted so much for them to take me.

I was so excited I wanted to cry, "Here I am! I'll take a ride!"

But then a voice from behind me said, "Don't let them see you, you could end up dead."

I did as I was told. I backed away and asked in surprise, "What did you say?"

"Things are not always as they seem -- pretty lights in the sky can sometimes be mean."

"Be careful my friend, your soul is at stake, to forget about God is a terrible mistake."

The voice from behind me was gentle and kind. He had knowledge from beyond human time.

He was my guardian who has been with me from birth. My angel of light who will someday take me from this earth.

We all have an angel who is with us at all times trying his best to keep us in line.

Happy Holidays

THE POSITIVE SIDE OF CONTACT

By Alleen

In the last several years we have been inundated with information pertaining to the "negative Greys." It is my contention that this information has been purposefully slanted. There have been many instances of healings that have never been revealed to the public. In this article I will relate a few.

The most famous case we have in our files was related in a special issue of the "Missing Link" dedicated to "The Helene Charbonneau" case. Helene was healed of advanced pancreatic cancer as an adult by the "visitors." Before that as a little girl, she was healed of tuberculosis of the spine. That took place in a Catholic shrine in Quebec. Who can really say who the perpetrators were. At the time she was 9 years old and walked with the aid of braces. When she was healed a bolt of electricity went through her from head to toe causing her to jump up out of the seat where she was sitting. She knew she was completely well at that moment.

In 1985 Helene was in a car wreck where she broke some vertebrae in her back. The doctors inserted metal rods in her back to hold her spine straight resulting in excruciating pain which could only be lessened by huge doses of pain killers. The pain killers caused another debilitating side effect.

In 1989 Helene was again healed by her contacts. They also removed the bone chip at that time.

Paris Colorado became very ill in 1984. X-rays could not determine the cause but the symptoms all pointed to gallstones. Finally the doctor decided to remove his gallbladder. When they X-rayed they found scars from an operation on his stomach for ulcers. The doctors asked him when he was operated on and he said never! (that he remembered!)

Recently when he had an eye examination the doctor discovered scar tissue on his eyes. Again he asked Paris when he had injured his eyes. Paris replied he never had.

One of our Associate Directors was asked when she had her ear operated on as there was a scar on the "inside" of her ear. She never had been operated on either!

A regular member of our group suffered from acute arthritis. During one of her contact experiences a rod of "light" was shoved through her shoulder. Since that day the arthritis in her shoulder has completely disappeared. She was also healed of arthritis in her neck one night by an unseen hand rubbing vigorously on the back of her head!

In South America a long time ago a young girl was dying of cancer. The family gathered around the bed waiting for the final moment. All of a sudden several alien beings entered the room. They carried a strange instrument which they placed on the girl's abdomen. When they did it lit up and showed everything on the inside. One of the aliens gave her father five pills and instructed him to give the girl one a day until they were gone. The father followed the instructions and the girl was totally healed.

In Italy this past year a healing took place in a hospital. It was observed on the hospital monitor. A tape was made of three alien

beings coming into the hospital carrying an instrument. They wore light blue iridescent suits that looked like they were made from small "fish scales". Light emitted from beneath their arms and from between their legs. They entered the room of a dying man who had cancer. One of the aliens ran the instrument up and down the man's body and he was completely healed. This is probably the only case where a picture has been taken of the aliens performing a healing. This case is being written up by Wendelle Stevens.

One of our members in Seattle had a huge lump in the hollow of her collarbone. It appeared to make her shoulder and arm go numb. Finally in desperation she submitted to a die test. Just going through this test resulted in convulsions, abnormal low temperature, then very high temperature. As the instrument snaked through her arteries the doctors were watching it on a monitor. They found an interesting anomaly. Her artery curled around her liver in an abnormal manner. In the artery was a solid object! All of the doctors came rushing in to observe this abnormality. At this point she felt she would die if they went any further. She demanded they remove the instrument stating she was leaving. They said in no way can you get up off this table and leave! She did.

Who knows the reason for the object being placed in her artery and by whom? This case had many physical anomalies.

Another person in our Seattle group had blood clots which broke off and entered the heart and lungs resulting in a near death experience. This was the fourth, and last, hospitalization for this particular condition. The percipient found himself above his body. The room filled with a blue light. He said, "I am not ready to go back!" At that point he was back in his body. He was completely healed and all the blood clots were gone.

This was the second time the blue light had come to him. The first time was when he had decided there was nothing more to live for. He had started to go out the door to his car to end it all when the blue light appeared. After that his life had a complete turn around.

A lady that lives in Los Angeles told about an experience she had when she was 12 years old. She was born with a congenital heart defect. One side of her heart was huge and the other small. Her brother had died from the same condition. The doctors insisted she have open heart surgery to correct the condition.

One night she had a dream that a man had come to her and done something to her chest to the point she felt like he was crushing her. The next morning she awoke with such pain she was rushed to the hospital. When she was X-rayed the heart was healed and totally normal. This case is completely documented.

Later when she was an adult she went to a chiropractor for an adjustment. He took X-rays and could see where surgery had been performed on her back. He asked her when she had the surgery done and she said never! There was also a small scar on her lower spine she was not aware of until that time.

A UFOCCI Board member has scars behind each ear. They are in the crease of the ear and look like her ears have been surgically removed and replaced. Now she wonders what caused the scars because on reflecting on when she was 18 months old she had severe respiratory infections. Everything in the respiratory system was infected and causing a rheumatic heart condition and had already caused a kidney

condition. The doctor decided to take her tonsils out. Today they have grown back. After the operation she had an immediate recovery and no more infections. The location of the scars behind her ears, if they were for biological engineering reasons, do not make any sense. Now she wonders if the E.T.s did something to rectify her condition.

The above cases are just a few of the overall picture of persons who have had operations they did not remember or healings by the extraterrestrials.

We ask you - if they have come to help us recover from physical maladies can they be negative? Perhaps some but not all and it is the positive ones we want to concentrate our energies on. Besides, negative or positive is evaluated from our own perspective.

* * * * *

Letters

Dear Aileen:

I wanted to thank you and your group for allowing me to sit in on your meeting. It was informative to listen to the discussion and to meet the people. While my work is with PTSD, I found the recollections of abduction similar to the recollections of war veterans and other trauma victims. I hope you continue to allow my students, Chris Bader and Tom Layne to continue their contact. They are bright, energetic and good thinkers.

If it is possible, I would like to attend further meetings where more recollections of abductions are shared. I would have to admit that these accounts are of interest to my work. If I could be informed of further meeting times I would be immensely grateful.

Again, thank you for your invitation and trust.

Les Wong, Ph.D, Member of the Faculty *The Evergreen State College*

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

As the Secretary of the Board of the UFOCCI and a long time member, I have witnessed many changes in this organization and many attempts at changes. While I don't believe myself to be a "contactee", and hopefully not to be one for the "Greys", I am very deeply involved in this cause, believing that our future world is upon us, and I for one want to be prepared! This organization has given me the tools for that purpose.

I have watched with interest and amazement at the increased information and new people coming through the group. Each year Aileen has continued to do quality work, answering hundreds of phone calls, making hundreds of calls, writing to numerous people, some of who just want a friend, writing for the Missing Link, editing it, printing it, planning meetings, doing some of the art work, doing hypnosis on an almost daily basis and presenting the Jorjah for ten years! Some of this work has been accomplished using her money, her daughters money and friends' money, yet she continues to run a quality organization on a "shoestring". She started this group with the sole idea of helping those of you who have experienced a concept beyond our imaginations or abilities and have not asked for too much help in doing it.

Now I see around the group the developing of the independence we were taught to have in this country, like children wanting to leave home. In many ways this is excellent, but like those same children we are forgetting the parent who introduced us to the "new wave"! Also like children we want to develop our own groups instead of helping the "parent group". UFOCCI could have been a bigger organization by now, putting on larger conferences, bigger news events and spreading the word "loud and clear" to the world, that here it is, the "New Age" we've all heard about, and that specifically includes people from other galaxies. But some of you out there in the audience haven't pulled your weight and we haven't reached the population that we should have by now. Many people still relegate the UFO news to the "National Enquirer" and believe it's all sci-fi! We haven't been doing our job, and if those of you who are reading this think about it, we could be doing "one H.... of a job" if we would all pull together. So maybe the Jorjah has inspired you enough that we will have more people coming through to help. Come on folks, call us and tell us how you can and will put this UFOCCI on the MAP!

Nellvergne Zajac

Dear Aileen:

In your "Missing Link" form that you sent to me, you state that these experiences you hear about are like pieces of a puzzle. Each person has a piece, and only after putting all the pieces together will we understand what it's all about.

This is true Aileen, however, there is a lot more to it than that.

Now that I have been forced to look back on all the strange events in my life in a way that I would have never believed possible in the 1960s, it's like certain members of the human race have been, or are being educated for some special reason. Up until five years ago none of us could understand what was happening to us or why?

Aileen the reason these beings have made themselves known to us is to try to get us to stop destroying this planet that each of us calls home. If the destruction of the ozone is not halted NOW, no living thing on earth will survive. There is also the possibility of another great danger coming upon the earth from something called the "great year".

History does repeat itself and both of these terrible dangers has occurred in most ancient times. Only with the help of these same UFO beings was mankind able to survive, and to save all other species of our world.

In your folder, you say "You may be a contactee and not know it if: You feel that earth is not your home, or if you feel your parents are not your real parents."

If you speak of that part of each of us that is called "Spirit or Soul" then there is truth in what you offer. According to every ancient record left to us, mankind has an immortal soul. When out of our corporeal forms we are beings of light, or beings of pure energy. As beings of pure energy we are the same as those white robed tall angels that appear to us. Therefore, these angels are our brothers just as is stated in the Bible.

But -- If you speak of the creation (through birth of our corporeal form (the human creation) then you are wrong. Neither the angels or their drones are coming to earth just to have a jolly good time mating with human females.

Our butts are in big trouble(!) and it's going to take a lot to save us.

Mankind is a very stupid creation. When you have an overpopulated world of beings who cannot agree on anything, there is no way you can get them together and do everything that must be done to save their planet. Each new person born is adding to the danger, yet almost nothing is being done to halt that.

It will take a special group to salvage all the seeds of life, and this is where our angelic brothers comes into the picture. A special type of being must be created.

These angles have no corporeal forms so they must use the seed of mankind to clone each member of this special group. They must use both male and female humans to create these beings.

First samples are taken from both male and female subjects along with skin samples. Then the egg is genetically changed and put back into the female. Then it is removed again in the third month of the pregnancy.

At some period after the birth the female is allowed to see her strange offspring and to even hold it. Sometimes when this happens, you may not even know that the strange child you hold is your own.

As for anyone who says they feel that earth is not their home, I must ask where they would find another world as beautiful as ours. From all that has been learned, our planet is the only one in our system that can support life.

Perhaps if we were to lay down our greed and our hate and our stupidity, and if we would learn to love mother nature half as much as she loves us; maybe we would find that we are more welcome in this great abode of our Mother.

Our angelic brother tells us to look at the bee - to study the bee. They are trying to make us understand just how much we immortal souls in corporeal forms can learn from the kingdoms of these tiny insects.

Bees have one of the most orderly societies on the face of the earth. A society that lives in complete harmony with our great Mother of all creation.

"Ask and ye shall receive - search and ye shall find - knock and a door will be opened to you"

If you try very hard you might even find the gate to the path that leads back to the place called home...

Best regards.... Elizabeth Garrett.

Dear Aileen: (The following letter was written to MUFON in 1973 but sent to us in September 1989 with permission to print it.)

I'll try to give you as accurate a report as I can of my own UFO sightings. Many months have passed and the whole business now seems a bit unreal to me. I think my mind tried to reject what I think I saw.

At the era in question (1973) it was my habit to write a generally daily report on the progress I was making on the TDY-52A (computer) firmware. This is a computer program internal to the computer that implements its instruction repertoire. I enclose copies of two notes to which I appended additions pertinent to this report.

"Seeing Things" in my note of 11-12-73 pretty much tells the story of what may or may not have been a first encounter. I'm not sure that I thought of UFOs at the time but I could think of no reasonable explanation for the events. In my own mind I ruled out the possibility of lightning; perhaps I am wrong here.

As I remember, this was the very day that we had the report in newspapers (that night) and on television that two (?) police officers had sighted and I believe chased one or more UFOs somewhere in the Los Angeles area. I did not save a newspaper clipping - and the details have become a bit fuzzy in my mind. I believe this was the first bit of UFO news that I've seen given publicity in our big city newspapers and on TV.

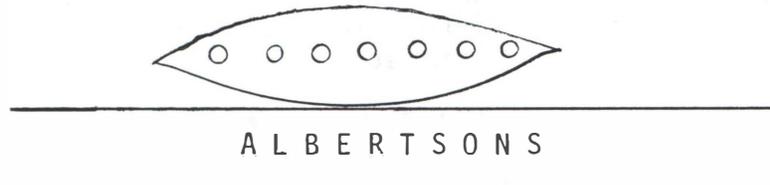
I still hadn't warmed up to the subject of UFOs but I remember feeling a bit apprehensive - this may be too strong a word - about walking to work in the dark of early morning.

The main event of this report is referred to at the end of my note of 12-19-73: "Seeing Things Again." I was a bit embarrassed and made my report very short. I was also a bit 'shook up'. I looked for newspaper reports but did not find any.

One of my colleagues asked me to tell him more about it and I did; a few other fellow workers kidded me a little but in a friendly fashion.

I am somewhat near sighted and dislike wearing bifocals. Most of the time now I wear a pair of glasses that are a bit of a compromise. My distant vision is a little fuzzy but not too bad; for very close work I usually take my glasses off.

I came out of our back yard into the alley that takes me over to the corner of Vanowen and Corbin in Canoga Park. Across the street is a supermarket called Albertsons. I retain a mental picture of seeing an object hovering over this store.



It had somewhat the shape of a double convex lens seen from the side - or such was my impression; it gave off a dim even white light except for a band of what appeared to be a string of yellow lights around the circumference. This was a bit blurred to me. I thought I heard a low rasping sound that lasted just a fraction of a second and some movements of the 'lights'. Seen above the Albertsons sign, the 'UFO' appeared to have a diameter of perhaps 30'. I have no memory of the object moving or disappearing. It may have tilted as I saw a brief flare of white light as if the 'disc' may have tilted upwards. Then it may have gone out of sight in the direction away from me. I don't know. I suspect that what I saw didn't sink into my mind right away.

I remember making my way across the street. There was light fog as I remember and (as already reported) my vision was a little blurred. I saw two rather faint discs coming towards me from the North so as to pass over Albertsons. At crossover they were quite close to me; my guess is that they were no more than 500' away at crossover. Seen from below they appeared to be two circular disks giving off a uniform pale white light. My guess is that each was about 30' in diameter. They were moving side by side separated by about the diameter of either disc. They moved slowly at what appeared to be uniform speed going to the South and remaining quite parallel to Corbin. I stood and watched them until they disappeared into the distance and into the fog. They made no noise in flight that I could detect.

A final possible encounter occurred, I believe, on the morning of the first day of 1974. Once again I thought I saw one of 'my' old UFOs heading towards me from the North but it veered to the West before coming close enough to me to give any great assurance that I had really seen anything unusual. I made no written note of this event of any kind.

For many weeks after this series of events I walked to work in a rather peculiar state of mind. Almost any light or apparent motion would give me a jolt. Slowly the days became longer and I also stopped walking to work so early. I haven't seen anything unusual again and I guess I don't expect to.....Cecil H_____.

The attachment reads thusly:

To: TDY-52 Team (Date: 11-12-73)
From: Cecil H_____
(Paragraph 6)

Seeing Things

I was a bit shook up and I'm going to put it in writing (for the record). I walked to work this morning while it was still dark. At about 5:30 the sky in the North over Teledyne lit up twice for a few seconds - quite bright.

To: TDY-52 Team
(Paragraph 6)

(Date: 12-19-73)

Seeing Things Again

This morning while the sky was still dark, two objects passed by me quite close that I could not identify. I'm not going to go into details but I won't be surprised if I read of more local UFO sightings.

* * * * *

Editor's Comment: What can we surmise from the above report? Number one: Why would someone that had a "sighting" so long ago still have such an avid interest in "just a sighting". This report depicts several anomalies that abductees exhibit. First the interest is still very much in evident, second "for several days afterwards" he was very "shook up".

I recall in Paris Colorado's abduction case for several days afterwards he was so "shook up" that he could not run the cash register or do simple things he normally did without thinking! He was also apprehensive driving his car for the first few days afterwards.

It is interesting to note that the witness is a scientist at Teledyne. As such I imagine he would have a lot of information that would be very interesting to our space visitors.

I feel something more has happened than Cecil remembers. He should be able to retrieve the memory through regressive hypnosis if he wants to pursue the "sighting".

* * * * *



"If there are monsters moving in next door, Danny, you just ignore them. The more you believe in them, the more they'll try to get you."



COCHRAN!

"Our next guest is a gentleman who claims to have actually been taken aboard a U.F.O. . . ."



UFO sited near here

If Michael R. Lusignan was hoping for an exciting vacation in the Colorado mountains this year, he certainly got his wish. Lusignan was lost for six days near Echo Lake and says he encountered an unidentified flying object (UFO) full of alien beings last week.

After spending most of Monday, June 7, hiking in the Echo Lake area, Lusignan decided to return there on Tuesday to continue his explorations. Unfortunately for him, he found himself lost Tuesday afternoon and unable to find his way back to his car. When he had not returned to Denver as expected by 5 p.m., his wife called the Clear Creek County Sheriff's Department to try to locate her husband.

The Sheriff's Department sent out a search party at 6 a.m., Wednesday morning. They were joined shortly thereafter by 17 men from Alpine Rescue, 20 men from the Arapahoe County Rescue and four dogs from the Colorado Dog Rescue Team. These men and dogs searched the Echo Lake, Mt. Evans and Evans Ranch areas all day Wednesday and Thursday without finding a trace of the missing man.

On Thursday the rescuers were also joined by a helicopter from Fort Carson and an army airplane from Denver. According to Sheriff Kiefer, the rescuers figured they were able to cover an approximately 140 square mile area searching for Lusignan.

By Thursday evening the rescuers, having found no trace of the man, decided to call a halt to the search.

Nothing more was heard until Sunday morning around 9 a.m. when the Sheriff's Department received a telephone call from two cyclists at the Echo Lake Lodge. The cyclists reported that as they were stopped to view the scenery from Juniper Point, about one mile East of Echo Lake Lodge on Highway 103, they heard someone calling, "Help! Help! I'm dying!" Upon looking down the 600 to 750 feet cliff, they said, they saw an orange jacket and a man lying there.

The two cyclists shouted down to the man that they would go for help and then be back. They returned to the Lodge and called the Sheriff's Department.

Sheriff Kiefer and Lt. Gene Day responded immediately to the call. Lt. Day and Donald Krueger

climbed down to the injured man and administered first aid to his blistered feet and gave him as thorough an examination as time and circumstances permitted.

Twelve members of the Alpine Rescue Unit lowered ropes down to the men, but Lusignan was able, with assistance, to walk out on his own power, Kiefer said.

As soon as he was back at the road, the Sheriff drove Lusignan into Idaho Springs, picked up the ambulance and drove him on to St. Anthony's Hospital in Lakewood. It was on this trip to the hospital that Lusignan told Kiefer about his experiences while lost.

He told Kiefer that around 10 p.m. on Wednesday evening he looked up in the sky in the west and saw two rectangular flying objects come down and land on the creek (Vance Creek near where he was found). At first, he related, he thought it was rescuers who were out looking for him, so he went over to the people he saw and tried to talk to them. He said they talked in such low whispers that he was unable to understand what they were saying.

They set up camp, he said, and did not bother or try to harm him in any way. When asked if the objects made any noise as they were landing, Lusignan said, "No, they just floated down from the sky into the area."

Lusignan described the occupants of the UFO as numbering between 15 and 20 men, women and children, and dressed in Indian or gypsy clothing. He said they made him move to another campsite for the night and that when he awoke the next morning, they were gone. He further recalled hearing horses and dogs during the night.

Lusignan did not see the UFOs or the people in them again during the rest of his time in the area. By Sunday, he told Kiefer, he had just about given up hope of being rescued and was too exhausted to find his way out of

the area. When asked if he had heard the rescuers at any time, Lusignan said to Kiefer, "Yes, I probably should have walked toward them, but I walked away from them instead."

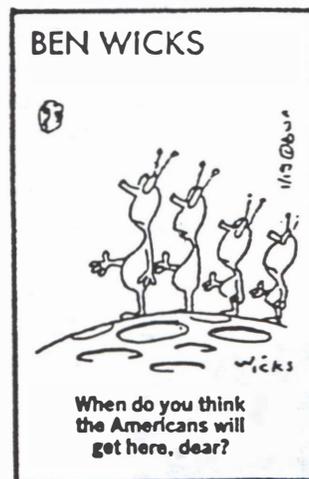
Since Lusignan related his experience to Kiefer on Sunday, the Sheriff has received one telephone call from Ohio, two from Washington D.C. newspapers, two from Los Angeles radio stations and one from a Commerce City UFO-ologist.

Leonard Stringfellow, Director of the National UFO Association in Cincinnati, Ohio, talked to Kiefer for about 25 minutes last Tuesday and verified a lot of the information Lusignan reported.

According to Kiefer, Stringfellow said most UFO sighters have reported the rectangular form of the object and have noticed the sound of horses and dogs. The only details Lusignan reported which did not correspond to previous reports, he told Kiefer, were the dress and size of the people. Most sightings have found the people to be between three and five feet tall (rather than average human sizes) with the far apart eyes Lusignan described and dressed in tight fitting suits rather than Indian or gypsy clothing.

Lusignan was hospitalized overnight Sunday after his ordeal. He left for his home in Burlington, Va., around noon on Monday, June 14. Mrs. Lusignan has promised to contact Sheriff Kiefer with any further details her husband may recall about the incident.

Idaho Springs,
Colorado
Front Range
Journal
June 17, 1976



The following represents a personal interview by Bob Gribble, Director of the UFO Reporting Center in Seattle, Washington with the participant in this very unusual encounter.

Witness: "I just noticed something. I wandered into a camp site in the evening. I noticed some large shelters. They weren't big log shelters. They were just two or three logs laid on one another like some one was just going to build a cabin or something. Two of these structures.... what I did was made myself a little bed in there and was just settling down to sleep. The full moon came up and I noticed there was some clouds, I just got up and went out. I knew there was people looking for me that night and were looking for me that day.

I saw these clouds going around the sky. They weren't too far above my head. They weren't too high in the sky. I noticed this strange cloud formation go by. There might have been one or two of them and then I kind of yelled at them for some reason. I saw two things that kind of looked like stars, bigger than stars. A couple of them overhead; then I didn't think any more about them. As I was standing there I noticed, kind of to my right away, there seemed to be some strange light or something landing over there.

Then I noticed the people coming in. They kind of looked like Gypsies or Indians. They looked like nomadic people and they were of all ages. They didn't talk or anything. They talked but I didn't hear them. I was just kind of sitting there observing them and they seemed to be making camp or something. They seemed to be putting these vehicles in these log cabin places and they seemed to come on like they been there before and they were just kind of taking over. I kind of watched them.

Then I talked to them about getting me out of here. This one fellow showed me some kind of vehicle or some strange thing. I didn't know if they would get me out of there or not, but I didn't know what to do so I went back to where I was standing.

Then there seemed to be a few helicopters, looking for me, I thought, that night. They seemed to be going side by side looking for me. I had a flashlight and I stopped and went up on this little plateau. There are trees here. These people just drifted out and around me and they seemed to be sweeping around me. They just kinda followed me out there and then I see the helicopters were about to get to me where they could see me. The full moon went down and they discontinued their search because the full moon had gone down. I was pretty discouraged so I went over by the stream, and they kind of came over to me, and this older lady said to sleep in these pine boughs so I went to sleep on these Balsam boughs, or whatever, and I went to sleep and there was nobody there when I woke up except I saw some horses and they galloped away, and then I went in that camp site. There was just nobody there at all and I didn't check for prints, or



anything. I heard some dog barking but I just left there and went up the mountain in hopes I would be seen that day."

Bob: What did the vehicles look like?

Ans: I didn't get a good look at them. They seemed to be rectangular in shape - You could push them in the log structure. They weren't canoes but they were pushing them in these log structures like you would a canoe. They also seemed to have some other possible vehicles around. I couldn't tell, it was kind of hazy. These people just seemed to look different. They looked like a tribe of people. I wasn't terrified because they looked like people to me. I don't know what to think about it. Was it a hallucination, or was I actually experiencing what I was seeing was true.

Bob: Did those vehicles appear to be metallic?

Ans: I think so, I would say so if I had to guess.

Bob: Now that light that came down out of the sky, what did that look like?

Ans: Well I didn't really... It was kind of a light. I just don't remember that much about the light itself. It looked like a fairly strong light. It was a white light. I just didn't notice it coming down that much until I noticed it down. I wasn't looking in that direction.

Bob: No verbal communication?

Ans: I was talking but they... and they seemed to understand what I was saying, or I thought they did. They seemed to talk to each other, but I didn't hear them. I didn't hear any sounds from them. They were moving around very silently.

Bob: When they were moving around the area could you actually hear them walking on the ground.. snapping twigs, etc.

Ans: No, apparently not. I don't have the feeling for it.

Bob: Did you have anything strange happen to you since that experience?

Ans: Nope, that was the second night I was lost, see that was Wednesday night. Thursday, Friday and Saturday I wasn't in that particular location, but I was out there. I didn't experience anything like that then, and since then I haven't dreamed or addressed anything about it, and nothing has happened since then.

Bob: I noticed by the stories that you did reported it to the Sheriff. Did you give him a complete run down?

Ans: I thought I did. The sheriff didn't say what he thought about it. He was so skeptical.

Bob: Oh sure, I just wondered if they had any UFO occurrences in that area at that time.

Ans: I didn't think to ask him. There was two helicopters looking for me at that time, Wednesday night. They were going by the full moon side by side. I would be interested to know that too.

THE LAST LAUGH

Aliens Three

Experience has taught me that elderberry wine and space aliens are not a good mix.



By Patrick F. McManus,
Illustrations by
Al Hirschfeld

I just read a nonfiction book by an author who was kidnapped by aliens from space and taken aboard their flying saucer, where he was subjected to a variety of experiments and then returned safely to his own bed, none the worse for wear but with a bad case of the nerves and an idea for a best seller. According to the book, such abductions by aliens are a fairly common occurrence, something I hadn't realized. Otherwise, I would have come forward much sooner and reported my own kidnapping by aliens. I had assumed my experience was unique and so bizarre that people would poke fun at me or even suggest that the strange encounter was due to a bad batch of my elderberry wine, which, to tell the truth, was

what I first suspected. But the haunting question remains: What would elderberry wine be doing with a spacecraft?

Although the incident occurred on the night of October 3, 1978, it is still fresh in my mind 12 years later. Indeed, it ranks right up near the top of my memorable experiences. I had gone up to my cabin on the river for a few days of relaxation and a little fishing. About 9 p.m., I set my

north Idaho burglar alarm, which, when tripped, plays a recording of a shell being jacked into the chamber of a 12-gauge shotgun, a much more effective alarm than some silly beeping or clanging. I then enjoyed a glass of my latest batch of elderberry wine, and, much relaxed, tripped off to bed. About midnight, I suddenly awoke in a cold sweat, sensing the presence of something in the room with

me. I am a little vague about the exact time, because when I sense an unknown presence in my room at night I tend to be somewhat lax in accumulating data that might later be of interest to scientific investigators. Therefore, when I say "about midnight" I mean anywhere from 11 p.m. Tuesday to 4 a.m. Friday. I was at first particularly disturbed by the extreme darkness of the

continued



THE LAST LAUGH

continued

room, which made it impossible to see anything, even though my room is equipped with a night light for medicinal purposes. Then I realized that the darkness was the result of my eyes being squeezed shut. Against my better judgment, I opened them.

A creature no more than three feet tall was standing in the corner of the room watching me. It had a deathly pale face, an O-shaped mouth and two enormous eyes. (Quite likely, the creature had the same impression of me.) It was equipped with the normal number of arms and legs—no great comfort. Its body appeared to be covered with aluminum foil that gave off a mild iridescent glow. The creature moved toward me, its legs tight together as though tied by invisible bonds. Suddenly, although I heard nothing, a raspy voice sounded inside my head.

"Quick, where's your bathroom?" the voice asked.

I pointed to the bathroom door. The creature rushed inside with the same jerky motion, returning a few minutes later, walking normally.

"Whewee!" the voice said inside my head. "Long way between rest stops in this part of the galaxy. So, Crawford, I imagine you're wondering what I'm doing here in your bedroom at this hour of the night. My orders are to take you up to our spaceship, where a few minor experiments will be run on you. Afterwards, we'll replace your skin and no one will ever guess you've been out of it. First of all, though, I'd better write 'front' and 'back' and 'this side up' on you, just as a precaution. We're advanced but not all that advanced."

"Wait! Wait!" I shouted. "You've got the wrong guy! My name's not Crawford!"

"That's what they all say." The creature signaled toward the door, and in trooped a dozen tiny beings dressed as stevedores and grumbling about working overtime on regular pay. They held their bony little hands over me, and I floated up into the air, a rather pleasant sensation, although I didn't fully appreciate it at the time. The next thing I knew I was hovering a few feet over a little clearing in deep woods. Creature voices crackled in my head:

"Where's the spaceship?"

"I told you this was the wrong direction, you idiot!"

"No, I'm right! The sun rises in the north and sets in the south."

"But this is Earth! Different sun!"

"Oh, I forgot. Must be mag lag. Takes me a day or two to get oriented. So, we're lost, guys. Anybody know what side of the trees the moss grows on? Hey, nobody panic! Maybe the human can help us find the ship. Listen, Crawford, don't just float there with that stupid look on your face. Help us out. We parked the ship next to a little pond in the woods near your cabin."

"Why should I help you find your ship?"

"Ever read in the tabloids about a guy who woke up with his skin on backwards?"

"Just asking. The pond's over there."

A few minutes later, we were beneath the spacecraft, which was shaped like a saucer and about the size of Pittsburgh. Either that or it was shaped like Pittsburgh and about the size of a saucer. I was getting confused.

"What happens now?" I asked. "Are you going to beam us up?"

"No," the head creature replied. "We're advanced but we're not all that advanced.

Hey, somebody up there send down the ladder!"

Upon arriving at the top of the ladder, I entered a large circular room. A number of creatures leaned against the wall looking bored. The floor was cluttered with dirty clothes and old pizza boxes. Loud, raucous music pounded from overhead speakers. I assumed this was the area of the spacecraft inhabited by teenage creatures.

The head creature, whom I'll call Ralph, took my hand and led me into a room I guessed was a nursery. Large, cream-colored larvae of some sort squirmed inside glass jars. It was hideous. I shuddered.

"What's wrong?" Ralph said. "You never seen fish bait before? The kids always bring their own grubs. Work great on your large-mouth bass."

Ralph next led me into a room equipped with what looked like an operating table. He told me to climb up on the table. I viewed this as a bad omen, but my will to resist had been neutralized, either by telepsychic manipulation or Ralph's breath. I climbed up on the table. Presently, I was approached by an ancient creature that somehow gave me the impression of a praying mantis moonlighting as a bag lady. Whether the creature was male or female, I couldn't say, nor was it something I considered worth dwelling on at the moment. Maybe after a few decades in space, yes, but not sooner.

"Ah, Crawford, the chosen one!" the ancient thing growled inside my head. "It is you to whom we have brought the single greatest secret of the universe. You will go on what you call your television and make this secret known to all humans, so that they will be raised to the highest form of consciousness. For this service, you will be rewarded with wealth beyond even your imagination. You will know unbelievable luxury, Crawford, and ... Please, allow me to call you by your first name. What is it? My memory is so bad!"

"Pat. Pat Crawford. So what's the single greatest secret of the universe?"

"It is just this. That the ... uh, the uh ... Let's see, how does that go? Damn this memory of mine! I should have written it down. It has totally slipped my mind!. We're advanced—."

"Yeah. I know, but not all that advanced."

"The single greatest secret of the universe is a rather good joke, too, if I could just remember how it went. I think you would have enjoyed it. Oh well, we might as well do the usual skin thing with you. No sense in wasting a good specimen."

"Wait! Wait!" I shouted. "I'm not Crawford!"

All at once, I sat up. I was back safe and sound in my own bed. But all I could see was darkness. I thought my skin had been put on backwards! Then I realized my eyes were still closed.

Questions remain. Was I merely dreaming? Was I in a drunken stupor from elderberry wine? Had I momentarily gone insane? If the creatures had actually entered the house, why hadn't the burglar alarm gone off? Why, why, why? I thought perhaps my friend Paul, the psychologist, could put me into a deep hypnotic trance and extract the truth from my subconscious. Paul was more than willing to hypnotize me but later said there wasn't anything of note in my subconscious worth reporting, and much of it was in bad taste anyway. The only odd thing about the session was that upon coming out of the trance I was possessed by a terrible compulsion to pay Paul the 20 bucks I owed him on a fishing bet. Was this some perverse trick of the creatures from space? Questions! Questions!



Autographed copies of Pat McManus' latest book **Whatchagot Stew** (\$18), a memoir/cookbook, may be ordered from Troll Books, Box 1165, Sandpoint ID 83864. Autographed copies of Pat's collections of humorous essays (\$17 each) may be ordered from McManus Books, Box 28216, Spokane, WA 99228: *The Night The Bear Ate Goombaw*; *Rubber Legs And White Tail-Hairs*; *The Grasshopper Trap*; *Never Sniff A Gift Fish*; *They Shoot Canoes, Don't They?*; *A Fine And Pleasant Misery*; and *Kid Camping From Aaaa!!! To Zip*, a children's book (\$14). Prices for hard-cover books include fourth-class postage. Canadians please send U.S. funds.



THE MEANING?

By Brent Raynes, Associate Director
Waynesboro, Tennessee

My father died very suddenly and unexpectedly of a "cardiac arrest and complete heart block" on September 5, 1984. A few weeks later I had an unusual dream. There was a crossroads, a feeling that I was running from something evil. I came running around the east side of my parent's home in Maine, and stood over the dark, dead looking form of a rabbit laying on the lawn. Then I noticed to my left several (four?) white, alive looking rabbits sitting on the closed rollerway door that leads to the basement.

I didn't think too much about the dream at the time, but then a few days later I received a letter (dated October 15, 1984) from a UFO experiencer in Winslow, Maine. She described a recent report in the Waterville Sentinel newspaper relating how the bodies of two bloodless, decapitated rabbits had been discovered! It had happened in Winslow.

Just a few weeks before my father's passing (August 11, 1984) I had made an unusual free-association. I recalled how at the time of my 1975 religious conversion my father and I had talked about the "animal sacrifices" mentioned in the Bible, and how difficult it was to understand the religious significance of something sounding so pagan.

That same year the cattle/animal mutilation phenomenon was raging. At one point, as I was drifting off to sleep one night (August 9, 1982) I suddenly knew, somehow, for a certainty at that moment, that "a new phase, a deadly one is about to unfold." There was a sense of "real danger." I gathered that abduction incidents would erupt. It would be widespread as the mute phenomenon, and equally misunderstood. I saw a white triangle of light in the sky.

Well it now seems to be a reality. The abduction phenomenon, the stigmata of human victims, is indeed widespread, estimated in the thousands (like the mutes), and in Cornmunion Strieber described how he found the symbol of the triangle important as a symbol of opposites being reconciled. Meanwhile, before Strieber, I too had wrestled with similar symbology. I had had an impression (November 13, 1980) of a white haired man seated, it seemed at a heart-shaped table (which is a sort of triangular design). Dark figures sat on opposite sides of the table. The old man seemed to be in great pain.

One night it suddenly dawned on me that as a child the 23rd Psalm had perhaps been important to my sense of inner peace and security in ways that I now was not able to realize. An in reflecting on it I realized how it dealt with the reconciliation of opposition, like having no fear while walking through the valley of death (I had no fear while seemingly walking through my dark bedroom and I saw the light), and sitting at a table with your enemies (opposites). A few days later, on May 14, 1981, I heard from the Dover-Foxcroft experiencer. It seemed that her "visions" had stopped. She wrote, "I seem to have lost the privilege of visions." In her last "vision" then, of perhaps a couple months before, she saw people gathered at a table, and a voice was reading the 23rd Psalm! She added in her letter that the 23rd Psalm had, at her request, been read at her mother's funeral a couple of years before.

Apparent precognition seemed to come to me a number of times. Back in January 1985, a few months after my father's own passing, I dreamed how I was in Gardiner, Maine, and I was thinking, in the dream, of going across the Kennebec River to visit the house where my former wife Jane had lived (but no longer does). I just kept driving around and around in circles a short distance from the river, where there used to be a bridge.

A few days later I was talking with my mother on the phone, and she told me how Jane's father had just died a tragic death in that river! He had been driving a tractor out onto the ice to move fishing shacks around, and close to the shore the tractor broke through the ice.

I might add that dreaming about my former wife was something extremely rare. In fact, I don't recall any more such dreams since!

In relation to the rabbit dream and mutilation, I had always assumed that the type of animal was not particularly significant in itself. But now I am wondering. My brother Brian's son Byron, back at that time, had had two pet rabbits, I had written in my journal.

Shortly before dad's death (August 31, 1984) I had an impression of someone who looked very much like my brother Brian, but the eyes could not be seen. Instead they were blotted out by blackness. At the time I wrote, "...I felt behind the eyes were many different appearances. Somehow he seemed familiar. He was in a control room." I even tried to draw out on paper a kind of control panel. Later I also noticed pictures of someone else who resembled the image. It was none other than Whitley Strieber!

Whitley Strieber has written about how the aliens, by the way, may wear disguises or have other appearances. Dr. Greg Little recently described to me how this aspect is clearly brought out in the movie *Communion*.

Back on September 10, 1980, I dreamed of being at Madeline Teagle's in Ohio. Her house looked different though. I went into a room where there were black people. I felt uncomfortable for some reason (no, I'm not a bigot).

Well around early 1989, Madeline wrote me about a woman in Nashville, Tennessee (Madeline knew nothing about my 1980 dream, by the way). Later I attended (June, 1989) a UFO meeting this woman sponsored. She was black, along with several others in attendance (this was the first UFO meeting I had attended with black people). Included in the audience was the black metro-councilman who has drawn much attention to himself in the news media this past year because of his proposal to build a UFO landing pad near the Nashville Metro-Airport. On September 16, 1989, I spoke at one of their meetings. Several black people were in attendance. The group is a contactee support group, and it is heavily into New Age/Space Brother themes that do make me feel a bit uncomfortable, but the lecture was well-received. I was very happy with the group response, the enthusiasm and many of the sane and logical things that were brought up and talked about there.

Also that night in 1980, I had dreamed of a man lured up a narrow passageway. A woman had disappeared from there, and people were looking for the man.

On August 14, 1989, my brother's son Byron, always a quiet, polite, and mild-manner young man, disappeared with a woman and her two children. Police were looking for him. Later the woman's body had been found in a wooded area a few miles away. He confessed to shooting her.

How could this have happened? What went wrong? This didn't sound at all like something Byron would have done!

Something though haunted us from our visit in July. Brian told us that Byron had said he would never marry and would not have children. We were given no reason, but were assured that Byron was serious.

Strieber had disturbing flashbacks about his father and fears and disturbing visions about his son. At times the relationship between my brother and father had been rather rocky.

In the fall of 1988, Maine had another UFO flap, and though I was a long ways away, I saw small white lights again. This time in a bedroom where I was sleeping that night in my Tennessee home. (I should add that at the time I did not know that a flap was going on.) My experience occurred on November 17 or 18, 1988, and it was a telephone call from a researcher/experiencer Lee Walsh on November 28, 1988, that alerted me to a big flap there.

My experience was essentially a powerful hypnopompic experience. These states of consciousness are very rare for me. But I have read about them and know that this is what they are called by psychologists. This experience and the one in 1975, stand out as the most dramatic, outstanding such examples of anything fitting that particular description in my own life.

In this experience I laid in bed and I saw small white lights appear on two or three drawers of a dresser. It looked lit up like a computer. Then one drawer became like a TV picture screen, and a "voice" like a radio news broadcaster was steadily talking about something (I could not focus on it, even though I could clearly hear it!)

It all began, however, with several words spoken, and I recognized the voice itself as my fathers! Of course, I knew that he could not be physically there, that this had to be a product of my mind, but I truly marvelled at how distinctly I recognized it was dad's voice. It sounded just as he had sounded in real life. So naturally I laid there listening, hoping to hear more. Then I heard and felt someone crawl into bed. I was convinced, at that time, that that was real (later I was to roll over and discover otherwise, however). Then the lights appeared. (The Dover-Foxcroft experiencer had described to me how her "visions" often appeared on walls.) I laid in bed, tired but awake, eyes open. What a show! Not something that you get to observe firsthand every day. Whatever it was!

After awhile I went to sleep, and I entered the regular dream state. I later wrote, "...I was dreaming something about a place with buildings. There had been a fire, and Perry Mason was going to defend himself, but stated that he needed confidential information. As best I recall he was granted. I recall figures in the distance just off the property... I thought of the scene on Back to the Future (which we saw..recently as well as a Perry Mason movie about a haunted hotel) of Fox's father as a young man where Fox returned from the future and dressed in his lab suit with hood made his dad think he was a space man in order to program his dad to date the girl who later would become his wife (and Fox's mother).

Also, in reflecting on the movie since then, another aspect of it was that if Fox could not get his mother and father together, he would not exist. The family name (as with Byron) might end there?

Not long after this I came to write, for me, an unusual UFO article title. It was entitled, "The Mother, Child, and UFO Re-Union? Or...?" The upshot of the article was this. Quote: "Some UFO theorists have noted the similarities in 'abductions' and ancient 'initiation rites' that traditionally invoke terror as a tool in inducing a brain change in initiates. Jungians say that the ancient rites took the initiates back to the deepest level of original mother-child identity wherein the ego was united with a group awareness... paving the way to the next developmental stage of life."

I have one unusual memory from my childhood. I recall waking up in the night and seeing a skeleton in the bedroom. My parent's bedroom. I was in a small bed nearby. The skeleton reached down and picked me up and held me for a while. As I recall I either turned my head away or closed my eyes. I was terrified. And I was very relieved when next I found myself being lowered back into my bed. Then the next thing I knew I awoke at the bottom of the bed. It was quite a fright then to wake up and find yourself completely turned around like that! While adults reassured me that it had been a dream I only knew how real it had seemed. Many years later I was watching a fictional murder mystery on TV about a psychotic who had a recurrent hallucination of a skull demon that spoke to him, and it dawned on me then how the image looked so similar to some depictions of alien heads (ie., large bald heads, dark, sunken in eye sockets, etc.). Later I began to think about my skeleton, and abduction cases where children mentioned skeletons. Even Strieber mentions this.

* * * * *

A breakthrough in cloning

By KEITH SCHNEIDER

A modern and powerful biological technology that enables livestock breeders to clone large numbers of identical animals from a single embryo is nearing commercial application in the United States and Canada.

The cloning technique is the latest in breeding technologies that have allowed animal scientists to steadily separate reproduction in livestock from natural mating and thereby gain tighter control over the hereditary traits of cattle, pigs and sheep.

What breeders lacked, though, was a reliable technique for precisely duplicating superior animals. With the cloning technology, scientists are closing in on what has long been the ultimate objective in modern husbandry: achieving the same levels of uniform quality and production in farm animals that were once thought to be confined only to manufactured goods.

Moreover, the ability to successfully clone large mammals hints at the possibility in years to come that similar techniques might be devised for humans.

Nowhere is the effort to bring factory-like efficiency to animal reproduction more visible than in Wheelock, Texas, where seven genetically identical pure-bred Brangus bull calves, born in 1988, romped beside their surrogate mothers at a breeding farm owned by the Houston-based Granada Corporation.

Granada is one of three North American companies in the race to market cloned animals. W.R. Grace & Company is supporting research on cloning by Dr. Neal First, a reproductive physiologist at the University of Wisconsin. Grace owns American Breeders Service in DeForest, Wis., among the nation's largest dairy-cattle breeding companies. And in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Alta Genetics

Inc., a cattle-breeding company, is supporting work by Dr. Steen M. Willadsen, a 43-year-old Danish physiologist and a researcher at the University of Calgary who developed the cloning technology.

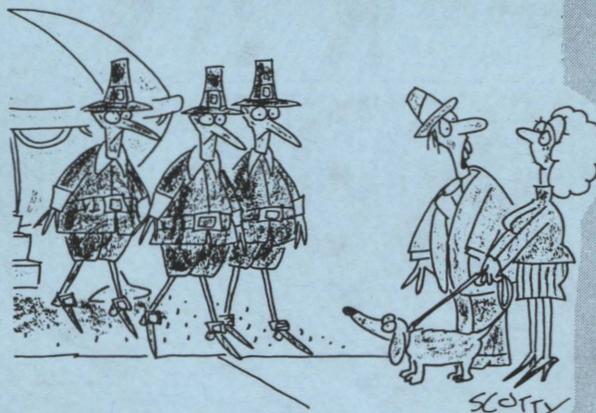
The coal-black calves represent the state of the art for a technology that almost certainly will change the way the finest breeding bulls and cows are produced, breeders say. The authorities also believe that cloning could markedly alter and increase the number of superior animals produced in the \$30 billion beef industry and the \$18 billion dairy industry.

The Granada calves' genetic mother was a prize Brangus cow that had been treated with hormones before being inseminated in April 1987 with the thawed semen of a valuable Brangus bull.

The man-made embryos were implanted in surrogate mothers. Eight of the 16 embryos produced calves over a two-week period.

"What we're doing is adding capacity to propagate superior lines of cattle much more quickly than we've ever been able to do before," said Dr. Darold McCalla, a veterinarian and vice president at Granada, a private cattle and food company founded in Houston. ■

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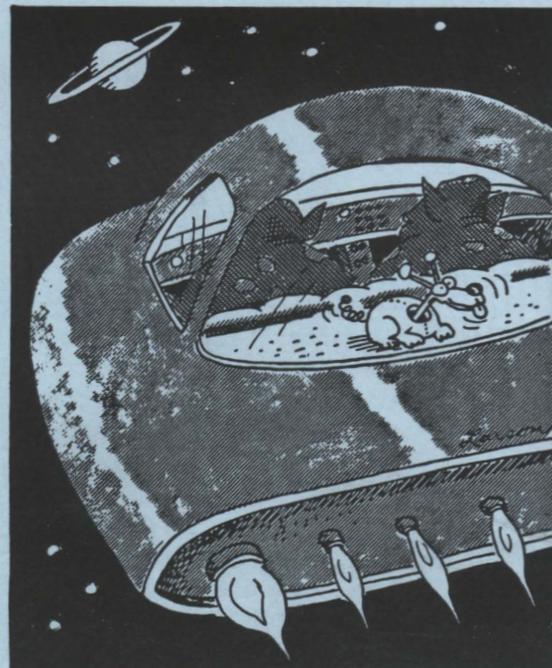
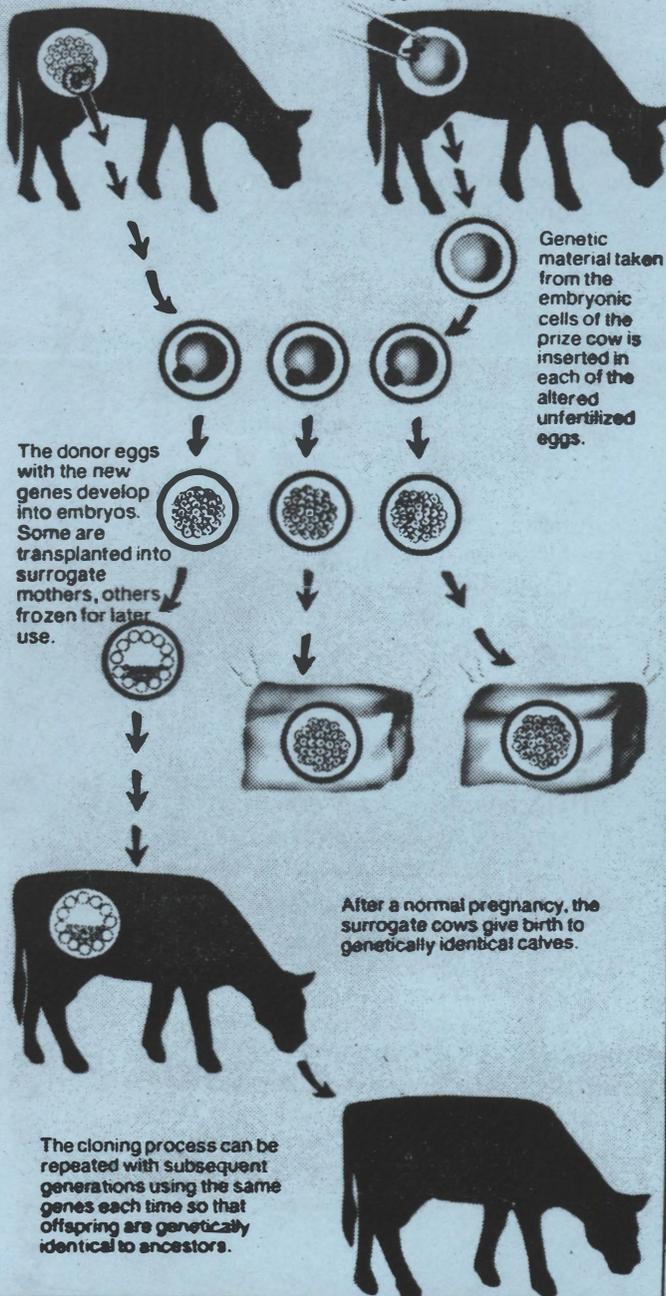
"Uh-oh, here we go again!"

How Cattle Are Cloned

Cloning cattle begins with the mating of a prize bull and prize cow. The resulting 32-cell embryo is removed from the cow and genetic material is extracted from several of the embryo cells.

Prize Cow Provides Donor Embryo

Unfertilized eggs are taken from a donor cow and the genetic material in the nucleus of each egg is removed.



ZIGGY

By Tom Wilson



Three genetically identical Brangus bulls that were produced by Granada

